

Creed: My Own Prison

by Master Jinn

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Summary: A short story of Anakin and Obi-Wan's lives set to this Creed song.

Creed: My Own Prison

Death and Understanding > <p>TITLE: My Own Prison
 AUTHOR:

Master Jinn

> E-MAIL: nvanha@sjcd.cc.tx.us
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> CATEGORY: Star Wars
 SPOILERS: Numerous

> SUMMARY: These are thoughts and words place to the Creed
 Song
My Own Prison

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> It was all in good fun. Enjoy and let me know what you think.
=)

> A court is in session, a verdict is in
>

Obi-Wan stood before the council of the Jedi, his head held down in
shame. He had seen this day coming,

> but he had chosen so many times to ignore it, hoping that a
different path would be placed before him.
 But it was not, and
so the day had come.

>

Master Yoda, the eldest and wisest of the members, held a sad look in
his old tired eyes, "The decision made it is, many years ago it
should have been. Jedi no longer he is," he stated in his own broken
words.

>

**No appeal on the docket today
> Just my own sin
>

Obi-Wan lifted his head and stared into each council members eyes. He saw there was no changing their minds.

> The damage was done.

**The walls are cold and pale
> The cage made of steel
 Screams fill the room
> Alone I drop and kneel**
>

Anakin Skywalker was barely able to move his head when he woke. The only sound he heard was his own breathing around him. He slowly lifted his hand and saw a black leather glove covering it. He sat up, willing himself to move and saw a mirror on the wall. The room was dark, cold and steel tables and instruments decorated the room.

> Slowly he made his way shakily over to the table. His boots echoing loudly in the empty room. As he came into view of the mirror, a horrible sight greeted him. He heard a scream, it was from himself as he dropped to his knees.

**Silence now the sound
> My breath the only motion around
 Demons cluttering around
> My face showing no emotion**
>

Alone, Obi-Wan stood out on the Jedi balcony. He could only hear the wind... and the sound of his own heart beating in his chest. It was filled with sadness..., and of his failure. It haunted him like demons in the night, replaying the horrible events that had taken place. How could he had let this happen, how could he had failed his former Master. It wasn't suppose to be like this, how could he had let this happen to his friend, his brother in knighthood.

>

But as he looked across the city, he suddenly felt numb, no emotion would come to him. For he realized that his friend had now turned to the Darkside, and there was no turning him back.

>

**Shackled by my sentence
> Expecting no return
 Here there is no prenance
> My skin begins to burn**
>

The silence was almost deafing as Anakin starred at his hands. He was shackled to this suit, forever keeping him alive. Even though the burning had stopped, he could still feel the burning inside himself. The burning anger, the hatred that was building. There was no turning back, he had traveled down the path of the Darkside and had lost his way.

>

**So I held my head up high
> Hiding hate that burns inside
 Which only fuels their selfish pride**
>

Obi-Wan held his head up, he had to move on. He tried to tell the council that there could be hope. That if they would allow him to, he could guide Anakin back to the light. But they would hear none of it.

>

He could feel the anger inside himself building. Was it because he was so proud to admit his failure? To be selfish to let this tarnish his record?

>

No, he just wanted to bring his friend back, back to the light he once bathed in. Back to the love and friendship they shared. It was all he truly wanted for his friend. However, he feared it was too late.

>

**We're all held captive

> Out from the sun
 A sun that shines on only some

> We the meek are all in one**

>

Anakin stood on the battleship that was his. He was commander of it and no longer Anakin Skywalker any more. Even though they approached the planet, with its sun shining brightly through the windows, he felt it only shined on those around him, not on him. For he was blanketed by darkness, a darkness that ran deep.

>

The time had come, no longer will the Jedi rule and control the universe, only the strong would, not the weak. He saw the Jedi as weak. Though he had been one once, one saw to it that he would never be again. He would never be a Jedi, or human once more.

>

**I hear a thunder in the distance

> See a vision of the cross
 I feel the pain that was given

> On that sad day of loss**

>

Obi-Wan looked up as the thunder of cannon fire echoed in the air. The time was near, he had to leave. He turned to the small framed woman who had once been Anakin's wife, Amidala, or Padme as Anakin referred to her. She held the two children in her arms, as tears streamed down her face.

>

"The time is near," he said softly to her, trying to comfort her with his voice. "We must leave or there will be no hope for the future."

>

The young woman looked up at him then handed him the boy. "Promise me...., you will watch over him..., care for him like your own. Do not let his father know of him, for surely death will follow."

>

"I promise to keep him safe," Obi-Wan replied as he cradled the baby in his arms.

>

"I still love Annie," she whispered as she held the baby girl to her, "But I know there is no hope. No hope of his return."

>

"As long as a Jedi lives, there will always be hope," he said as he felt the loss of another Jedi to the hands of Darth Vader.

>

**A lion roars in the darkness

> Only he holds the key
 A light to free me from my burden
> And grant me life eternally**

>

As Luke Skywalker dragged the dying body of his father to the last remaining shuttle, Anakin tired to remember how it all came to be. His thoughts shadowed by the roars of explosions and the smell of electrical fires. His sad worn old blue eyes drifted slowly to his son. Luke looked much like he did before that day, and now Luke was freeing him. Together they removed his mask causing his body was ravaged by the sudden rush of fresh air. He had not felt the air in decades and it brought back memories, memories he thought long forgotten. Memories of brotherhood, and of home. His dear wife, the freedom of deep space, and of Obi-Wan.

>

Obi-Wan Kenobi, the one light in his life next to his wife and son, the one light he called friend. He thought for a brief moment he saw his former Master behind his son. A glimmer of the young man who became his Master, friend, especially after Qui-Gon Jinn's death. The light that taught him to be who he was. Somehow, that friendship turned, and he knew Obi-Wan wasn't the cause, it was he himself.

>

Only his son had the brightest light to guide him back from the darkness. He wanted to reach up and touch Luke, to whip the tears away that fell upon his face. However, the tears felt like rain, the cleansing spring rain that washed away all the darkness.

>

As he felt the tears hit his face, he felt himself being freed, he would join Master Yoda soon, in the eternal oneness of the Force and also join the greatest Jedi he had known, Obi-Wan.

>

For little did this great man know, Obi-Wan was the lightest Jedi of all. He made the circle complete. Anakin viewed Obi-Wan as the Chosen One, not he as Qui-Gon once stated. Obi-Wan was the key, everything relied on him.

>

And now with understanding, Anakin knew he would be joining the great man, in the light, in the force.

>

**Should have been dead

> On a Sunday morning
 Banging my head
> No time for mourning
 Ain't got no time
> So I held my head up high
 Hiding hate that burns inside
> Which only fuels their selfish pride
 We're all held captive

> Out from the sun
 A sun that shines on only some
> We the meek are all in one
 I cry out to God
> Seeking only his decision
 Gabriel Stands and confirms
> I've created my own prison**
>

Obi-Wan stood by his Master, long since reunited with the man in death. Nonetheless, he still hated to see Qui-Gon this way. Qui-Gon should have been the one to train Anakin, not he, and then he would not have failed. He should have been the one who died that day, the day Obi-Wan saw his life change..., forever. For years Obi-Wan had beaten himself up over it..., till one day Qui-Gon came to him.

>

Qui-Gon told Obi-Wan that it wasn't his fault for his death, that it was his fate to die and that Obi-Wan must accept it. So Obi-Wan did, holding his head up high and buried his own hatred for failing his Master and trained the boy.

>

Qui-Gon had seen the boy as the Chosen One, the light to the darkness in the Force. Obi-Wan did not, but now he understood. As he saw Anakin below, with Luke by his side, rejoining the light, he realized that only he created the failure inside himself. He created his own prison of failure. The walls of failure were being broken away. For the Force was whole again, balanced between the light and the dark and the Jedi would live on. The circle..., was complete.

End
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